

KOSCIUSKO CHRONICLE.

BY GEORGE W. HARLOW,

"As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man."

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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TERMS.

The CHRONICLE is published every Saturday morning, at Two Dollars per annum, invariably in advance.

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Standing advertisements, every six lines or less, will be inserted as follows:

Three months	\$3 00
Six months	5 00
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Any person who will procure us five subscribers, and forward the amount (\$10) shall be entitled to a sixth copy gratis.

Letters on business with the office, to ensure attention, must be post paid or free.

Money may be sent by mail at our risk, if a receipt is first taken from the postmaster.

Job work must be paid for on delivery

[From the Spirit of the Times.]

Ethan Spike's First and Last Visit to Portland.

"Portland is the all-darn'dest place I ever seed. I was down there in '33 to see about my gun to the Legislator, and such run times as I had you never heard tell on. Did I ever tell you about the ice cream scrape I had?"

We answered in the negative, and he resumed—

"Well, I'd bin there two or three days, pokin' about in every hole, and thought I'd seed every thing that was to be seed. But one day towards sundown I was gun' past a shop in Middle street that looked wonderfully slick—that was all manner of candy and peppermints and jessaminis and what nits at the windows. An' that war signs with gold letters on them, hangin' round the door, tellin' how they sold Sod-, Mead, an' Ice Cream. I says to myself, I have heern a good deal about this 'ere ice cream, an' now I'll be darned if I don't see what they're made of. So I pus my hands into my pockets an' walked in kinder careless, an' says to a chap standin' behind the counter,

"Do you keep any ice cream here?"

"Yes, sir," says he, how much'll you have?"

"I considered a miniton't, and says I, 'a pint sir'."

"The young feller's face swelled out and he like to have laughed right out, but arter a while he asked—

"Did you say a pint, sir?"

"Sartin," says I, "but p'raps you don't retail, so I don't mind takin' a quart."

"Wall, don't you think the feller snorted right out. Tell yer what, it made me feel sort o' pison, and I gave him a look that sobered him in a minit, and when I clinched my fist and looked so at him, (here Mr. S. favored us with a most diabolical expression,) he hauled in his horns about the quickest, and handed me a pint of the stuff as perlit as could be. Wall, I tasted a mouthful of it, and found it as cool as the north side o' Bethel hill in January. I'd half a mind to spit it out, but jest then I seed the confitioner chap grinnin' behind the door which riz my spunk. Gall smash it all, thinks I, I'll not let that white livered monkey think I'm afeard—I'll eat the darned stuff if it freezes my in'ards. I tell yer what, I'd rather skinned a bear or whipped a wild cat, but I went it. I eat the whole on't in about a minit.

"Wall, in about a quarter of an hour I began to feel a kinder grippy about here," continued Ethan, pointing to the lower part of his stomach, "and kept on feelin' no better fast, till at last it seemed as though I'd got a steam engine sawin' shingles in me. I sot down on a cheer and bent myself up like a nut cracker, tinkin' I'd grin and bear it; but I couldn't set still; I twist'd and squirmed about like an angle worm on a hook, till at last the chap as gin me the cream, who had been lookin' on snickerin' says to me—

"Mister," says he, "what ails yer?"

"Ails me!" says I, "that 'ere darned stuff of your'n is freezin' up my day-lights," says I.

"You eat too much," says he.

"I tell yer I didn't," screamed I. "I know what's a nuisance and what's too much without askin' you, and if you don't leave off snickerin' I'll spile your face."

"He cottoned right down, and said he didn't mean any hurt, and asked me if I hadn't better take some gin. I told him

I would. So I took a putty good horn and left the shop.

"Arter I got out," continued Ethan, "I felt better for a minit or so, but I had't gone fur afore the gripes took me agin, so I went into another shop and took some more gin; then I sot down on the State House steps, and there I sot and sot, but didn't feel a darned mite better. I began to think I was goin to kick the bucket, and then I thought of father and mother, and of old Spanker—that's father's horse—and when I thought that I should never see 'em again I fairly blubbered. But then I happened to look up and see a dozen boys grinnin' and laffin' at me, I tell yer what, it riz my dander—that had got down below nero—rite up agin, I sprung at 'em like a wild cat, hollerin' out that I'd shake their tatal gizzards out, and the way the little devils scampered was a caution to no body. But arter the 'itement of the race was over I felt was agin, and couldn't help groanin' and screechin' as I went along.

"At last I thought I'd go to the theatre, but afore I got there the gripes got so strong that I had to go behind a meetin' house and lay down and holler.—Arter a while I got up and went into a shop and eat a half a dollar's worth of billed isters with four pickled cowcubers and wound up with a glass of brandy. Then I went into the theatre and seed the plays, but I felt so tarnationally I couldn't see any fun in 'em, for I don't think the isters and cowcubers done me any good. I sot down, laid down, and stood up, but still it went on gripe, gripe. I groaned all the time, and once in a while I was obliged to screech kinder easy. Everybody stared at me, and somebody called out—'turn him out!' once or twice. But at last jest as the nigger Othello was goin' to put the piller on his wife's face to smother her, there cum such a twinge through me that I really thought I was bust'n' up, and yelled out, 'Oh dear! oh scissors!' so loud that the old theatre rung agin. Such a row you never seed; the nigger dropped the piller, and Deuteronomy—or what you call her there, his wife, jumped off the bed and ran, while everybody in the theatre was all up in a muss some laffin', some swearin'." "The upshot of it was, the perlice carried me out of the theatre, and told me to make myself scarce.

"Wall, as I didn't feel any better, I went into a shop close by and called for two glasses of brandy; arter swallowin' it, I went hum to the tavern. I sot down by the window and tried to think I felt better, but 'twas no go; that blessed old engine was still wallowin' away inside; so I went back and told the tavern keeper I felt kinder sick, and thought I'd take some Castor ile, a mouthful of cold meat and a strong glass of whiskey punch, and then go to bed. He got the fixins, which I took, and went to bed.

"But tell yer what, I had a rather poor night. Sometimes I was awake, groanin' and hollerin', and when I was asleep I'd better been awake, for I had such powerful dreams. Sometimes I thought I was skinnin' a bear, and then by some hocus po us, twould all change 'other side, and the ternal critter would be a skinnin' me.

"Then agin, I'd dream that I was rollin' logs with the boys, and jest as I'd be a shoutin' out, 'now then! here she goes!' everything would get reversed agin; I was a log, and the boys were pryin' me up with their handspikes.—Then I'd wake up, s reech and roar—then off to sleep agin, to dream that Spanker had run away with me, or that father was whippin' me, or some other plaguey thing, till mornin'.

"When I got up I hadn't any appetite for breakfast, and the tavern keeper told me that if I was goin' to carry on, screamin' and groanin' as I had the night afore, my room was better than my company.

"I haint," said Mr. Spike, in conclusion, "I haint been to Portland since, but if I live to be as old Methusalem, I shall never forget that all-fired ice cream."

A miserable old fellow being solicited to aid in the erection of a school house, subscribed very liberally. The Committee were very profuse in their expression of thanks, to which the old fellow replied—"small thanks, gentlemen, if you please—I would rather pay for a man's education, than be obliged to pay for his ignorance. [Reveille.]

Long Faced People.

We find the following remarks in Willis' Mirror. If they serve to shorten the length of some lugubrious visage, or impart a bright and cheerful air to some sad and sorrowful face, they will well fill the space they occupy:

"Why are we Americans (as a nation, so grave a people? Walk the streets and a large majority of the persons you meet are alike sullen and sorrowful. They look as if they had just risen from the perusal of 'Blair's Grave,' or the 'Elegy.' In vain does nature smile upon them, they return it not, their eyes court the ground, their faces are filled with untimely wrinkles, their gait is rapid and awkward, their features gaunt and spectral, their voices husky and uncomfortable, and their conversation embroidered with wit and humor. Follow these people to their homes, still all is murky; they bend frowningly over the newspapers; they neither dance, nor sing, nor frolic; they drive alligantly from their wives and children, and make their domestic life as dull and senseless as one of Lillo's tragedies. Why is this? Is life a heavier burden, a more desperate struggle here than elsewhere? Are we cursed with a dismal climate or a sterile soil? Have we no business to do, or is our labor without reward? Gratitude forbids that we should say so. Nature has been most bounteous to us; she has given us a land as full of beauty and grandeur, as it is of all elements of wealth. Fairer skies never canopied mortals. Our lakes are seas; our rivers run their thousand leagues unwearied; our waterfalls sing their ceaseless song in the forest; our mountains are worthy of the valleys they protect; the rainbow hues of autumn are our peculiar boom; the earth yields a hundred fold; we blush when we gather in returns so disproportionate to our labors. Our ancestors, too, have been most liberal to us. They have given us a good government and a good name. We are also blessed with minds naturally active and attentive, and kept in perpetual play by the freedom of our institutions. No other nation has such a mass of intellect in constant employment.

Why, then, are we so unhappy, thus surrounded by all the materials of happiness? Is not the simple truth, thus, we pervert our powers and abuse our privileges; we place our affections upon the wrong object; we utterly in stake the true prizes of life—we pass by nature, art, love, friendship, faith, and bow the knee to mammon; we idolize it; we erect costly temples to its honor, on its altars we sacrifice health, character, our wives, our children. To be rich, or to be thought rich, is, with too many of us, the sole, exclusive, all-engrossing object of our lives. Thus the heart contracts; the affections droop and wither; no tears water them. Home becomes a dreary place; it loses its Sabbath and holy days; its songs and its festivities, its hymns and its prayers depart from it.—Love and faith flee affrighted from its threshold. Sullenness, frowns, taunts, reproaches, these are its inmates. Its fire-sides become one constant scene of jealousy, conspiracy, and strife, till at last we almost long for death, to break up and destroy a place so perverted.

"We will not dwell upon so gloomy a picture, but simply ask is wealth worth such fearful sacrifices? What honest heart can hesitate in its reply?"

LEGERDEMAIN.—How to get a whole suit of clothes into a junk bottle.—Every time you feel like taking a horn, drop the price of a ripper into the bottle and drink a glass of pure cold water.—Repeat this until the bottle is full, then break it, and carry the contents to a good teetotal tailor. And within the space of a week you will find yourself encased in a new suit of clothes, without any trouble or expense to yourself. The same trick can be done with hats, boots, &c. We have known a cart load of wood, and a barrel of flour to be hocus pocused in that way.

Pretty Sentiment.—"The memories of childhood, the long far away days of boyhood, the mother's love and prayer, the voice of a departed playfellow, the ancient church and school house, in all their green and hallowed associations, come upon the heart in the dark hour of sin and sorrow, as well as in the joyous time, like the passage of a pleasantly remembered dream, and cast a ray of their own purity and sweetness over it.

Get Married.

Young man! if you have arrived at the point of life for it, let every other consideration give way to that of getting married. Don't think of anything else. Keep poking about among the rubbish of the world till you have stirred up a gem worth possessing in the shape of a wife. Never think of delaying the matter; for you know delays are dangerous. A good wife is the most constant and faithful companion you can possibly have by your side, while performing the journey of life. She is of more service to you than you may at first imagine. She can smooth your linen and your cares for you, mend your trousers, and perchance, your manners; sweeten your sour moments as well as your tea and coffee for you; ruffle perhaps your shirt bosom, but not your temper; and instead of sowing the seeds of sorrow in your path, she will sew buttons on your shirt and plant happiness instead of harrow teeth in your bosom. Yes—and if you are too confoundedly lazy or too proud to do such work yourself, she will chop wood, and dig potatoes for dinner; for her love for her husband is such, that she will do anything to please him, except receive company in her every day clothes. When a woman loves, she loves with a double disinterestedness; and when she hates, she hates on the high pressure principle. Her love is as deep as the ocean, as strong as a hempen halter, and as immutable as a rock. She won't change it except in a very strong fit of jealousy; and even then it lingers as if loth to part, like evening twilight, at the windows of the West. Get married by all means. All the excuses you can fish up against "doing the deed" are not worth a spoonful of pigeon's milk. Mark this: if blest with health and enjoyment, you are not able to support a wife, depend upon it you are not capable of supporting yourself. Therefore, so much the more need of annexation, for in union, as well as in an onion, there is strength. Get married, I repeat, young man! concentrate your affections upon one object, and not distribute them, crumb by crumb, among a host of Susans, Sarahs, Marias, Louisas, Olives, Elzas, Augustas, Betseys, Peggies, Dollies and Dorathies—allowing each scarcely enough to nibble at. Get married, and have something to cheer you, as you journey through this lonely vale of tears—somebody to scour up your whole life, and whatever linen you may possess, in some sort of go-to-meeting order. My hearers, get married while you are yet young; and then when the frosts of age shall fall and wither the flowers of affection, the leaves of conjugal love will still be green—and perchance, a joyous offspring will surround the parent tree, like ivy twining and adorning the time-seathed oak.

[Dow, Jr.]

MASONIC FACT.—In an address lately delivered by Past Grand Master R. G. Scott, before the grand Lodge of Virginia, we met with the following statement so honorable to the masonic institution that we presume the members of that ancient body will be pleased to see it transferred to our columns:— "From sources of information on which I entirely rely, I state the fact, that fifty at least of those who signed the declaration of independence were Masons, and the same history informs us that every Major General of the Revolutionary army was a Mason save one, and that one was Benedict Arnold."

Sweet young Ladies, married and to be married, please read the following:

A Woman may be of great assistance to her husband in business, by wearing a cheerful smile continually upon her countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundred fold when his better half moves about with a continual scowl upon her brow.

A pleasant, cheerful wife is as a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with the storms and tempest; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like one of those fiends, who are appointed to torture our lost spirits.

Recollect, there will be an hour of your life—the last—when the sweetest music that ever reached your ear, would be the voice that would whisper, with an authority from God, that "yours was the kingdom of Heaven."

A DISCOVERY.—A correspondent of the Tallahassee Sentinel, writing from Tampa Bay, mentions the recent discovery of an old Spanish fort, about forty miles from that place. It is situated on an eminence, some eighty feet high, and for an area of about sixty feet long and fifty broad, the earth was covered with pieces of stone of all shapes and sizes, intermixed with a variety of rubbish, among which were fragments of cannon, swords and muskets, so far eaten by the tooth of time as scarcely to be recognized. For a considerable space around the fort were vestiges of buildings which must have fallen long before the fort itself, for they were almost buried in the earth. One half of a wall of the fort was still standing, and the rest appeared not to have been long prostrate. Among the rust eaten arms of all kinds that were found amid the rubbish, was an old musket barrel bearing the date of 1539.

THE HAPPY GIRL.—Ay, she is a happy girl—we know it by her fresh looks and buoyant spirits. Day in and day out, she has something to do, and she takes hold of work as if she did not fear to soil her hands or dirty her apron. Such girls we love and respect wherever we find them—in a palace or a hovel. Always pleasant and always kind, they never turn up their noses before your face, or slander you behind your back. They have more good sense and better employment. What are flirts, and bustling bound girls in comparison with these? Good for nothing but to look at; and that is rather disgusting. Give us the happy and industrious girl, and we care not who worships fashionable and idle simpletons.

In all afflictions, seek rather for patience than for comfort; if thou persevere in that, this will return. Any man would serve God, if he felt pleasure, but the virtuous does it when his soul is full of heaviness and regards not himself, but God, and hates that consolation that lessens his compunction, but loves anything whereby he is made more humble.

ARKANSAS BEVERAGE.—"Madam, can you give me a glass of grog?" said a traveller in Arkansas, as he entered a cabin on the road side.

"I ain't got a drop, stranger."

"But a gentleman told me just now, that you had lately received a barrel."

"Why, good gracious! What do you reckon one barrel of whiskey is to me and my children when we are out of milk?"

GALLANT.—A gallant wag was lately sitting beside his beloved, and being unable to think of anything else to say, turned to her, and asked her why she was like a tailor. "Don't know," said she with a pouting lip, "unless it is because I am sitting by a goose."

NO RULE WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.—The Boston Star has lately come to the conclusion that there are certain times and occasions when a man may be allowed to whistle, smoke or sneeze in an editor's sanctum, viz: When he brings advertisements or subscription, with the mon-ey—or "good es" from the ladies.

A bashful wooer, not long since, wishing to pop the question, did it in the following singular manner—taking up the young lady's cat, he said, "pussy, may I have your mistress?" It was answered by the lady, who said, "say yes, pussy."

A boy at a school in the west, when called to recite his lesson in history, was asked "what is the German Diet?" He replied:

Sourkrout, Schnapps and Sausages,

Of all the employments, quarreling about religion is the worst. He that quarrels about religion, has no religion worth quarrelling for.

A great lie, says Crabbe, the poet, is like a great fish on dry land; it may fret and sting, and make a frightful bother, but it cannot hurt you; you have only to keep still, and it will die of itself.

"What are you writing such a thundering big hand for, Pat?" "Why you see, my grand-mother is deaf, and I'm writing a loud letter to her."